

# The Getaway

Lining University of Alberta Students' Birdcages Since 1910

Thursday December 13, 1990

*Screw us? No, we'll screw ourselves!*

## Boffing for a better budget

by G. Bob Palindrome

The Bored of Governors (BoG) is asking students to have sex in order to save the University.

Faced with budget cuts across the board, the BoG approved the sale of condoms to raise money. Students are asked to use the condoms when they have sex, and to have sex more often, thus avoiding budgetary shortcomings.

The condoms are described as "top of the line," being lubricated with Nonoxynol-9, a spermicide which kills the AIDS virus.

At 50 cents per condom, and a current deficit of \$2.95 million, the University will have to sell 5.9 million condoms in order to break even. Since there are 29,835 full- and part-time students on campus, each student will have to have sex 197.75 times.

Asked to explain the 0.75, Bea N. Counter of the Comptroller's Office said, "One time, you'll have to settle for third base. If you go any farther you'll screw up our accounting."

The alternative? "If students aren't true to their school on this one," explained University President Paul Chesterfield, "there will be hiring freezes, larger classes, and some departments may have to close. The academic excellence of this university will be destroyed."

Rumours that failure to comply with the new rules will mean expulsion under the Code of Student Misbehaviour have been denied.

"No, no expulsion," said Lowball Stanfields, vice president expulsion, "but there will be a substantial penalty for early withdrawal."

Reaction among students was mixed.

"What? You mean we'll have to cut back?" exclaimed former Engineering Students' Society President Trojan Rubberson. "This might be too great a sacrifice for our members."

Pharmacy student Karin Malagasy was reluctant to comment, fearing that anything she said would be taken as an attack on President Chesterfield. "I know how you muckraking scumbag journalists operate," she said. Further comments were not printable.

Shurash Moosestuffer, SU president, condemned the BoG's action, drawing the unfortunate comparison to a lottery.

"Lotteries are like a regressive tax: they raise money from the poorest people. The BoG's move does the same thing. The University must not balance its budget on the backs of students," he said.

Not all students are pleased with the BoG's plans, however.

"I don't even know what condoms are, let alone how to use them," said Harry Palmer, a first year student described as having no social life.

Plans are already in the works for a Celibacy Week to protest the BoG's decision, sponsored by the Radical And Left-wing People who Have Eaten Soap (RALPHERS).

"RALPHERS is committed to not having sex to protest this action by the BoG," said spokesperson I. Yam Lonely. "We'll have no oral sex, no anal sex, and as a special protest, we'll have no sex in the missionary position for five hours straight."



Getaway news editor G. Gillian McGilligan receives rubber receptacle from grinning University prez Paul Chesterfield.

Especially upset with the BoG's move were the Barely Healthy Educators. "We've given the little rubber beasts away for years now and bam! the BoG jerks the carpet out from under our feet," said Shammin Trailer. "We're really on our backs now, exposed and squirming like bugs under a microscope."

According to Trailer, the BoG's plan is completely self-serving.

"They've been screwing us for years, but now they want us to do it to ourselves," she said. "If they really want to make a contribution that will improve the financial situation of the university maybe they should start buying condoms themselves. Yeah, maybe they

should fuck themselves," she said.

Given that the twenty-member BoG meets for about five hours every second week, Trailer estimates that they could use about 2400 condoms during an eight month school year.

"That's if it takes them about 15 minutes and they can keep it up for the full five hours," she said.

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Scratch 'n' Sniff:  
Genuine Newsprint

## BoG privatizes campus libraries

by G. Gillian McGilligan

In an effort to generate revenue and battle the spiralling deficit, the U of A's Bored of Governors (BoG) has decided to privatize all libraries on campus.

The decision to sell the libraries was made during the Bored's last meeting and has received nothing but praise from government officials and potential investors.

According I.M. Tory, the Bored member who introduced the privatization motion, privatization is necessary not only to raise money, but also because public libraries encourage students to be lazy.

"With the system that we have today, students just take all these

books and things for granted. What we propose is to charge students every time they check out a book. That way, they'll appreciate what they've got and some of my friends...er...that is...some prudent investors will be able to make a healthy profit."

Within hours of making their decision, Bored members had already heard from several potential buyers, including Gluttony, Greed and Co., the financial consulting firm that oversees Premier G. Don Liddy's blind trust.

If the university accepts their offer, Gluttony, Greed and Co. plans to install coin operated toll gates at all library entrances. Students will

also be asked to pay for the time they spend studying in carrels.

"We realize that all these extra costs will make it more expensive for students to get their university degrees. But the money that we take from them will be used to maintain the Premier's standard of living," said Marion Slime, spokesperson for Gluttony, Greed and Co.

Advanced Education Minister John Dodo was also pleased with the Board's decision, saying that "too many people are worried about the quality of education these days."

"When I was a boy, you didn't have to be an egghead to succeed.

In fact, I'm proud to say that almost all the members of our government have no education at all," he said.

According to Dodo, students and administrators will be better served if they allow the free market to determine the content of libraries on campus.

"If students decide that they don't want to read about literature, genetics or whatever the government has no place forcing them to. One of the things that really bothered me before I dropped out of school is that my teachers wouldn't let me read Mickey Spillane for credit," he said.

see PRIVATES, p.2

No Joke Here:

Next Gateway January 8, 1991  
Merry Christmas and Happy New Year!

G. Rhonda Serious



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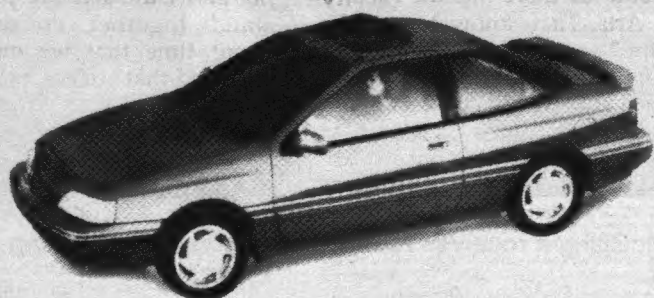
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## Silly spat severely splits staff

by G. Even Snotley

In a radical and unprecedented move, the entire Getaway editorial staff resigned last week due to irreconcilable differences, lawsuits pending.

They broke the news to the general staff who, frankly, were not surprised.

"The whole office is just a cesspool of hatred and evil," said cartoonist 'Dribblin' Stephanie NotLee. "Some days I've come in and the office has looked like someone was slaughtering pigs. I mean, sure, it's great inspiration for cartoons, but it's a difficult working atmosphere when any moment you know that a dismembered arm could just plop down onto the computer keyboard as you type. Though that's kind of keen, too."

Among some of the more bitter differences between editors were the daily eye-gouging spats between News editor [G. Larry Blitzcraig] and Huperchildaging editor [G. Terence Purrs]. "That bitch!" both fumed in separate interviews. "She's always stealing the boys that come in to write things for me. They all like her hair better than mine!" Getaway volunteers have suffered as a result, receiving punitive beatings for writing for the wrong chick.

Pauline Skelhorny, editor in chief, has been often observed dissolving into berserker rages and laying waste to all around him with any blunt object that happens to be handy. G. Michelle [Avons] has taken the more clinical approach, quietly slitting the throats of unsuspecting volunteers or anyone else who happens by his desk. G. Gillian McGilligan has ordered a university-wide purge

of all non-New Democrat students. McGilligan is active in the current New Democrat by-election campaign.

Throughout all this, the only editor unaffected seems to be Sports editor Bambi Stuffing.

The legal carnage has even spread to the comics page. Volatile Getaway cartoonist Mick MacChevalier is suing Jack Hammer for defamation of see SPLIT p.3

## Editors REEL Women

by G. Dander Scatters and G. Mr. Subliminal

G. Larry Blitzcraig and G. Terence Purrs, Getaway feminist editors at large, have renounced their stance of the first semester about time, about time.

"I just graduated," said Blitzcraig, "and I realized all I have is this lousy B.A. Yeah, probably in Women's Studies. What am I going to do without my Mrs.?"

"I thought I could be fulfilled as a tenured professor or world renowned authoress," author--use English, not woman said Purrs, "But now I realize that what I really need is a MAN." Are you listening Margaret

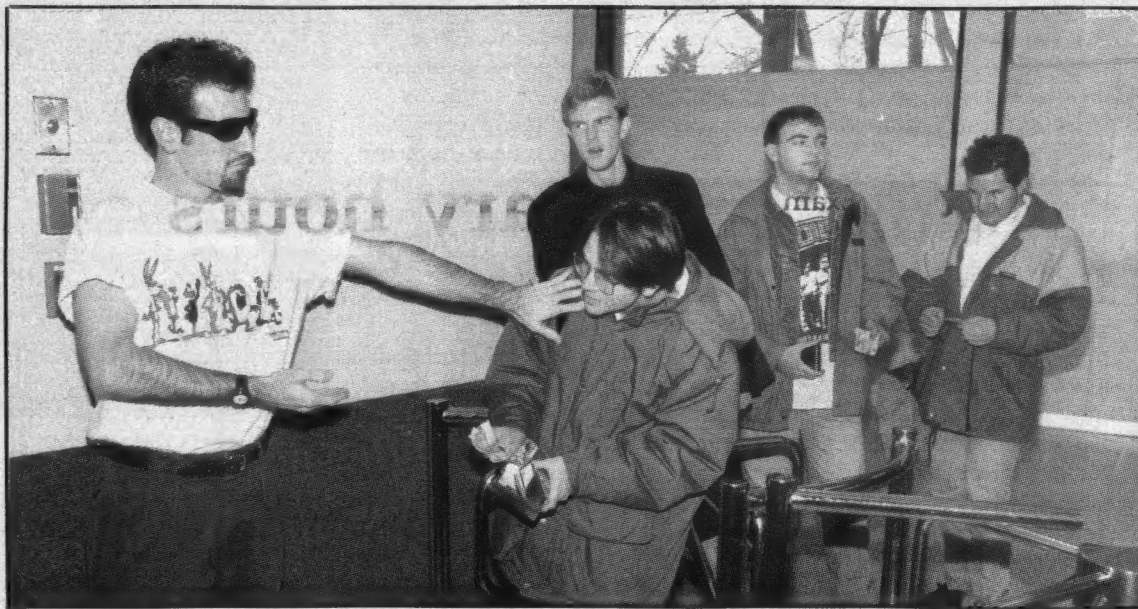
Atwood?

"After all I am Catholic," she added.

In the second semester, campus readers can expect to see more articles on REEL Women, Phyllis Schafly, Now that's a REEL woman and Ted Rightfield and that's a magazine!

As to future plans, Blitzcraig is planning on husband searching in several Moslem fundamentalist countries They know how to treat women, but they don't letcha drink beer and/or getting a job as a Budweiser "Bathing Beauty."

Purrs is hoping to marry, poor guy, bear several children, and, see FEMINIST RETREAT p.5



Free market forces have already begun to exert a positive influence in Cameron. Here, students are learning that sacrifices have to be made in order to make sure that investors have money in their pockets.

### PRIVATES from p.1

When asked about the BoG's plan to sell all the libraries to the private sector, Students' Union president Surash Moosestuffer was unable to give a coherent response.

"We understand the predicament that the administration finds itself in with declining rev-

enue and increasing user loads. As a result we have decide to establish a committee that will produce a recommendation on which stand we should take on this particular issue. It is our hope that once this action has been taken we will be able to take a proactive stand that will

address the problem while at the same time making it possible for us to avoid offending any members of the establishment who might consider offering us jobs in the future," he said.

U of A President Chesterfield said that he was unavailable for comment.

Truth detector confirms!  
startling revelation!

**I SAW ELVIS, MARILYN MONROE AND J.F.K. AT DEWEY'S!"** - CLAIMS S.U. BUSINESS MANAGER TOM LANCASTER!

"THAT'S NUTHIN', LAST THURSDAY AT DEWEY'S  
JESUS BOUGHT ME A LONG ISLAND ICED TEA!"

- KELLY MORRALL

"IS TOM INTO THE TEQUILA AGAIN?" - TAMMY COLE



**OOPS!**

S.U. PREZ SURESH MUSTAPHA BARRED FROM DEWEY'S  
AFTER ACCOSTING MS. MONROE!" - SEE PAGE 52!





# Campus leaders take radical protest action



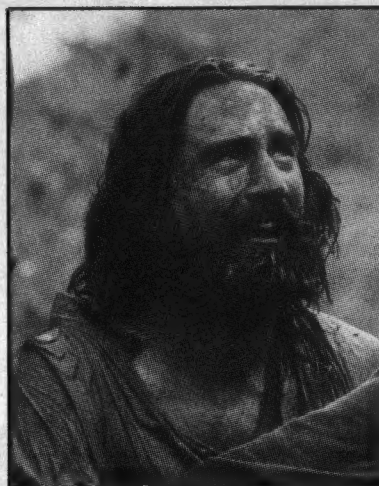
Paul Chesterfield before...



...and after



Mikhail Airhorn before...



...and after

by Pauline Skelhorny

Following the success of other outreach efforts, the University administration, the Students' Union and the Graduate Students' Association have agreed to stop using grooming products in an effort to identify with cash-strapped students.

"We realize that student loans are becoming less and less generous, and as result we've seen an alarming trend toward students becoming dreadfully groomed," said SU president Surash Moosestuffer. "I realize not everyone can buy the products to make themselves devastatingly handsome like me, so I'll come down to their level."

Effective last week, all SU executive members, GSA executive members, and university administration have been forbidden to use grooming products.

Mark Deusexmachina, SU vp grooming and hair care, was bitter about the measures.

"I think it's just sick. I spend good, hard-earned students' dollars on hair-care products and now I can't use them, not to mention my chest-hair curlers," said Deusexmachina.

University president Paul Chesterfield, however, spoke highly of the program.

"I feel it's a good thing. If we do not go through with these

measures now, we face cutbacks in departments, some units may be closed completely, and I won't be able to afford my vacation to Europe."

One snag which arose in negotiating the agreement was the highly contentious "shaving clause," which would have forbidden shaving more than once a week for participants.

"The so-called 'shaver clause' really burned my ass," said GSA president Stevie Downers. "I like to shave every morning, sometimes even twice a day, and now only once a week? It's ridiculous."

To ensure that the thousands of dollars spent on grooming products each year by university personalities does not go to waste, there will be a public auction held in the second week

of January.

"Come on out," said Moosestuffer, "I'm personally donating 1000 bottles of mousse and hairspray to the effort, and I know that Paul Chesterfield is donating his entire stash of Keep'r Kleen nose powder."

Not everyone was as generous. An anonymous person in SUB reportedly commented, "I don't use no groomin' products 'cept for my daily dose of KY Jelly, and KY Jelly ain't no grooming product — the only way you'll take it from me is from my cold dead fingers."

The man, who appeared confused, refused to comment further.

In an unrelated incident, a local drugstore announced a major sale on nose plugs last week and has reported "brisk" sales.

## Geer paper too liberal for University tastes

by G. Larry Blitzcraig

Under a new section to the Code of Student Misbehavior, Dr. Pete "the Enforcer" Mueller, the Dean of Students Misbehaving, has shut down the Engineering paper *The Fridge*, calling it too progressive for the U of A.

"It's a disgrace to the entire faculty, the University...they're not getting away with this while I'm around," said the Enforcer while reloading his Uzi, "They should be more like the Faculty of Arts. They know how to be men."

*The Fridge* in recent months has taken to discussing issues such as gay rights, feminism (women should rule the world), puppy and kitty rights, the save the dolphins campaign and the abolition of private property.

Floyd Morebeak, the vp "I'm OK You're OK" of the Engineers Against Rednecks and publisher of *The Fridge*, said he believed that these issues deserved a forum in such a respected paper like *The Fridge*.

"I'm so upset that the Enforcer doesn't see how important it is to participate in saving the world against vulgar, lewd and

discriminatory practices," said Morebeak who had just finished his yoga class and was indulging in a bowl of wheat germ.

Trojan Rubberson, past president of the Engineers Against Rednecks, agreed with Morebeak that the Enforcer had gone too far.

"I'm so mad I could cry," said Rubberson, as he furtively wiped away a tear, "I'm not ashamed to say that I'm a liberal, that's right the L word! Me and Dukkasis are proud to stand together as one—it's about time that we engineers admitted that we eat quiche and are concerned with our partners' sexual pleasure."

Morebeak added that as liberals, they (Morebeak and Rubberson) believed that everyone is entitled to freedom of speech and milk for the children, as well as free colour draping to eliminate unsightly combinations.

*The Fridge* is planning a protest in Quad next Monday where all engineers are invited to gather and sing "Blowing In the Wind" followed by flute playing and supportive conversation.

### SPLIT from p.2

character.

"He's me!" said Mickey. "Isn't it obvious?! He's ripping me off and getting all the chicks!" Hammer has refuted

MacChevalier's claims. "No, I'm not him," he said. "His nose is bigger than mine, and I don't have a cheesy goatee. Now fuck off, or I'll have to get sarcastic."

University of Alberta  
Extended Exam  
Effective Dec. 3 - 20, 1990

## Library hours

	Mon - Thur	Friday	Saturday	Sunday
<b>Cameron</b>				
Building open	0745 - 2400	0745 - 2400	1000 - 2400	1000 - 2400
Circulation	0800 - 2130	0800 - 2130	1000 - 2130	1000 - 2130
Library Cards Desk	0830 - 1630	0830 - 1630	No Service	No Service
Reserve Room	0745 - 2045	0745 - 1745	1000 - 1645	1200 - 1645
Reference Service (Sci) to Dec. 5 & 8 from Dec. 6 except Dec. 8	0830 - 2100	0830 - 1700	1200 - 1630	No Service
CCL Reference Service	0830 - 1630	0830 - 1630	No Service	No Service
Government Publications to Dec. 8 from Dec. 9	0830 - 2100	0830 - 1700	1200 - 1630	No Service
Library Information	0830 - 1700	0830 - 1700	No Service	No Service
Fines Office	0800 - 1800	0800 - 1800	1200 - 1700	1200 - 1700
Interlibrary Loans	0830 - 1600	0830 - 1600	Closed	Closed
	0830 - 1630	0830 - 1630	Closed	Closed

Sun. Dec. 9 through Thurs. Dec. 20, Cameron Library 1st floor - 24 hours access - No Services 2130 - 0800

	0700 - 0200	0700 - 0200	0900 - 0200	0900 - 0200
<b>Rutherford North &amp; South</b>				
Galleria/Study Hall	0830 - 1200	0830 - 1200	Closed	Closed
University Archives	1300 - 1630	1300 - 1630		
Libraries open	0800 - 0100	0800 - 0100	1200 - 0100	1200 - 0100
Circulation	0830 - 2130	0830 - 1730	1200 - 1630	1200 - 2130
Reference Service to Dec. 8 from Dec. 8	0830 - 2100	0830 - 1700	1200 - 1630	No Service
Bruce Peel Special Collections (see below)	0830 - 1700	0830 - 1700	No service	No service

	0800 - 2300	0800 - 2400	1200 - 2300	1200 - 2300
<b>H. T. Coultts (Education)</b>				
Building open	0830 - 2200	0830 - 1745	1200 - 1700	1200 - 1700
Circulation/Reserve	0830 - 2100	0830 - 1700	1200 - 1700	1200 - 1700
Reference Service				

	0745 - 2400	0745 - 2400	1000 - 2400	1000 - 2400
<b>John W. Scott (Health Sciences)</b>				
Building open	0745 - 2330	0745 - 2330	1000 - 2330	1000 - 2330
Circulation	0745 - 2330	0745 - 2330	1000 - 2330	1000 - 2330
Reserve Room	0830 - 2130	0830 - 1700	1200 - 1630	No Service
Reference Service to Dec. 9 Dec. 10 - Dec. 20	0830 - 1700	0830 - 1700	No Service	No Service
Media Service	0900 - 2000	0900 - 1700	1300 - 1700	Closed

	0800 - 2300	0800 - 2200	1000 - 2200	1000 - 2200
<b>John A. Weir Memorial (Law)</b>				
Building/Library open	0800 - 2230	0800 - 2130	1000 - 2130	1000 - 2130
Circulation	0900 - 1700	0900 - 1700	No Service	No Service
Reference Service				

	0830 - 1200	0830 - 1200	1130 - 1630	Closed
<b>Computing Science R.R.</b>				
	1300 - 2030	1300 - 1630		

	0830 - 1200	0830 - 1200	Closed	Closed
<b>Mathematics Library</b>				
	1300 - 1630	1300 - 1630		

	Dec. 3 - 10, 19 - 20	MRC will follow regular Fall 1990 hours		
<b>Music Resources Centre</b>				
Dec. 11-18	0830 - 1730	0830 - 1730	1300 - 1700	1300 - 1700
	1830 - 2130			1800 - 2100

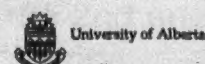
	0830 - 1630	0830 - 1630	Closed	Closed
<b>Physical Sciences Library</b>				

	0830 - 2230	0830 - 2030	1200 - 2000	1000 - 2230
<b>Faculté Saint-Jean</b>				

	0800 - 2345	0800 - 2345	1015 - 2345	1015 - 2345
<b>Winspear Business Reference Rm</b>				
Library open	0830 - 1730	0830 - 1700	1300 - 1600	No Service
Reference Service to Dec. 19 Dec. 20 - Jan. 2	0830 - 1630	0830 - 1630	No Service	No Service

Note exceptions:

	Mon & Fri	Tues - Thurs	Saturday	Sunday
<b>Bruce Peel Special Collections (Rutherford South)</b>				
To Dec. 16	0830 - 1630	0830 - 1800	1200 - 1700	Closed
Dec. 17 - Jan. 6	0830 - 1630	0830 - 1630	Closed	Closed



Check individual libraries for closing times on Thursday, Dec. 20, 1990  
Retarded hours subject to change.  
11/28/90

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# Soviet splinters seek stand

by G. Ernest Hemmingway  
Radical leftist campus organizations have agreed to meet in the Student Health Services parking lot next Wednesday in an effort to unite their various clubs.

All students who believe that "The Militant" is a right-wing conspiracy to subvert the inevitable workers' militant revolution are invited to attend.

"I realise that what we have before us is a daunting task," said Billy Dasilly, acting president of the League of Marxist Dentistry and Anthropology students and organiser of the meeting.

"But I am confident that we will achieve union before nuclear war obliterates us all. And it will. The resulting magnetic field from an atomic explosion would be a boon for the plaque population. No amount of brushing could save us then—not even if we used a flouride paste," continued Dasilly, who is an honours anthropology student.

Libby Bean, chairperson of the Alliance of Socialist Vegetarians, concurred with Dasilly about the inherent difficulty in amalgamating the various Marxist clubs, but dismissed his suggestion that flossing is important to every day health.

"Dogs don't floss, yet they have sharper teeth than humans. We should follow the lead of our canine friends and eat more raw Brussel sprouts. And more carrots-carrots discourage excessive toe nail growth. They are nature's nail clippers," Bean said.

An informal survey of the 26

neo-Marxist clubs on campus suggests that at least four—Trekkies for Trotsky, the Marx Fan Club for Mature Students, the Society for the Preservation of Andropov's Brain, and Business Majors for Communism and Cross-Dressing will not be attending Wednesday's meeting.

"Our membership absolutely refuses to participate in that lugubrious function," said Karl Smith, vice-president of Business Majors for Communism and Cross-Dressing. "There are privately-owned vehicles parked in Health Services: Cadillacs, Volvos, and shiny black "Knight Rider" cars. We could be corrupted-like our one-time president Ted Byyfield was corrupted sixty years ago." Besides,"continued Smith, "I haven't anything to wear."

Another concern for organisers of the meeting is the violent gang warfare which has erupted between the Congregation of Christian Communists and the Alliance of Marxist Mature

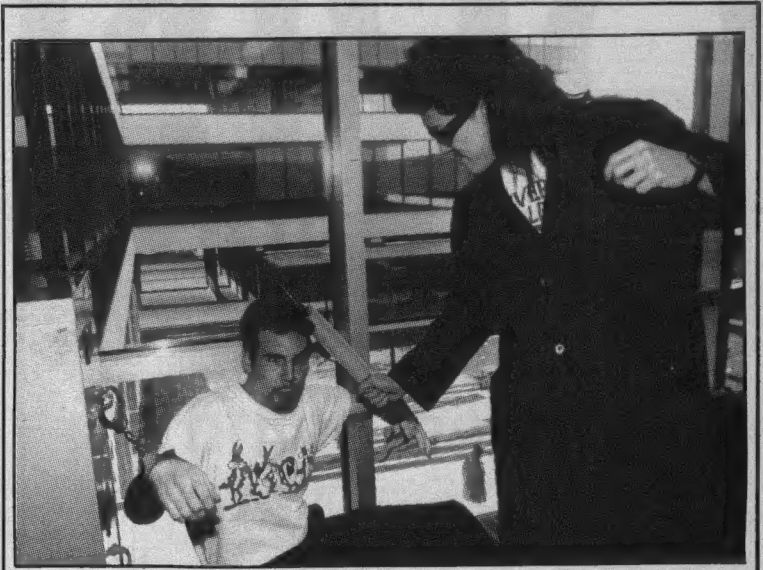
Students for Large Print Thesauruses.

"Marx wrote that theological doctrine is the drug of the masses," said Funk Webster of AMMSLPT when asked to explain his motivation for mooning CCC messiah-elect Mary Revelation.

"It is ridiculous, absurd, ludicrous, and preposterous that a Christian organisation would corroborate, support, advocate, and promote Marxism," added Webster, who hasn't any title with AMMSLPT as the Alliance is a "classless society."

Mary Revelation, contacted by the Getaway while converting athiests and anarchists, disagreed vehemently with Webster's statements.

"If Mr. Webster had read my book, *Sacred Dogs*, he would know that Marx was possessed by Satan when he blasphemed about religion," Revelation said. "Three years later, Marx and Engels met a glorious angel who cast the devil out of their souls. She is still with us, that angel, ministering to the sick



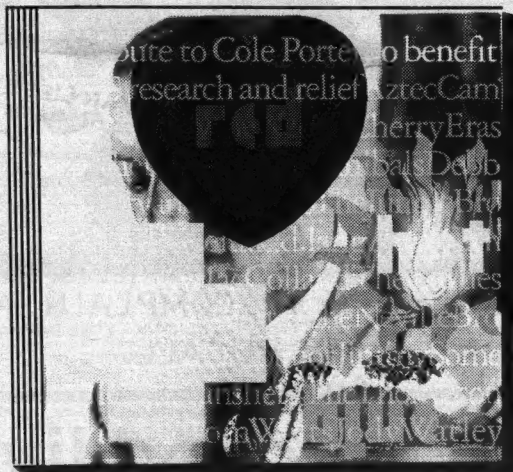
"Amnesty reports of violence against Getaway volunteers is completely unfounded," said Laid Out Guy, G. Winnifred Pie. Pie is currently doing time in Ding-a-Ling Maximum Security Penitentiary for Unhinged Production Guys in Upper Alexis Creek.

G. Rhonda Serious

and preserving the quality of health care in Alberta. If only we have the courage to to believe in her, Nancy Betkowski will save all our souls and deliver the province into eternal

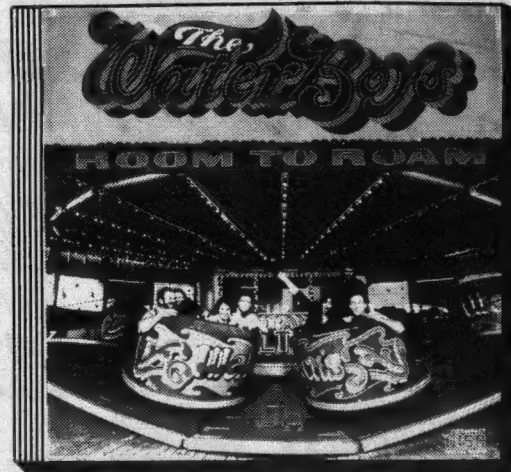
bliss. God and Nancy be blessed!"  
The meeting will commence at 12 midnight sharp. Students are asked to please bring their own opium.

## the MARQUEE NEWS



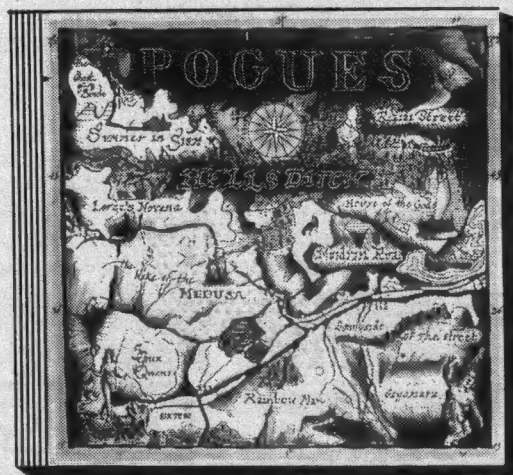
RED, HOT AND BLUE  
Various Artists

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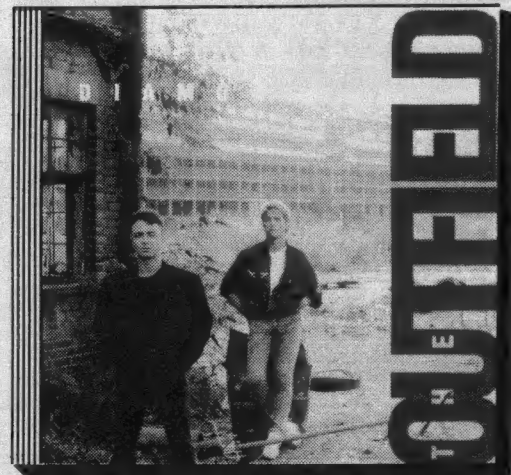
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the  
MARQUEE

### FEMINIST RETREAT from p.2

if her husband agrees, perhaps work on a cookbook *The Way to Your Man's Heart is Through the Kitchen* or *Barefoot, Pregnant, and Proud of It*.

"The thing I feel worst about is that I took up space in class that a man could have used, instead of just having a silly girl there," said Purrs. Blitzcraig agreed, adding, "The only class I'm going to attend for the rest of my life is a LaMaze class."



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# OPINION

opinion (-yon), n. 1. Judgement or belief based on grounds short of proof, provisional conviction, view held as probable...views or sentiment, esp. on moral questions, prevalent among people in general.

## The man of love embraces being

by Pauline Skelhorny

Now is the time when I can pause to think about all the things I love, and there are a lot.

I love little kittens. I especially love their soft fur and tiny claws, the way they purr softly when you hold them to your neck, and the way they stick to you like little velcro strips.

I love to watch fish swim in pools of water, sunlight gleaming from the concentric ripples when I throw a pebble in the pond. The fish poke their noses at the rock inquisitively, but I mean no harm.

I am one with nature. I breathe and nature breathes with me, I take in volumes of the essential being with every glance. I feel love pour up through me — I am a conductor for the life energy that ebbs and flows through the ground. Every leaf, every tree, all are energized with electricity.

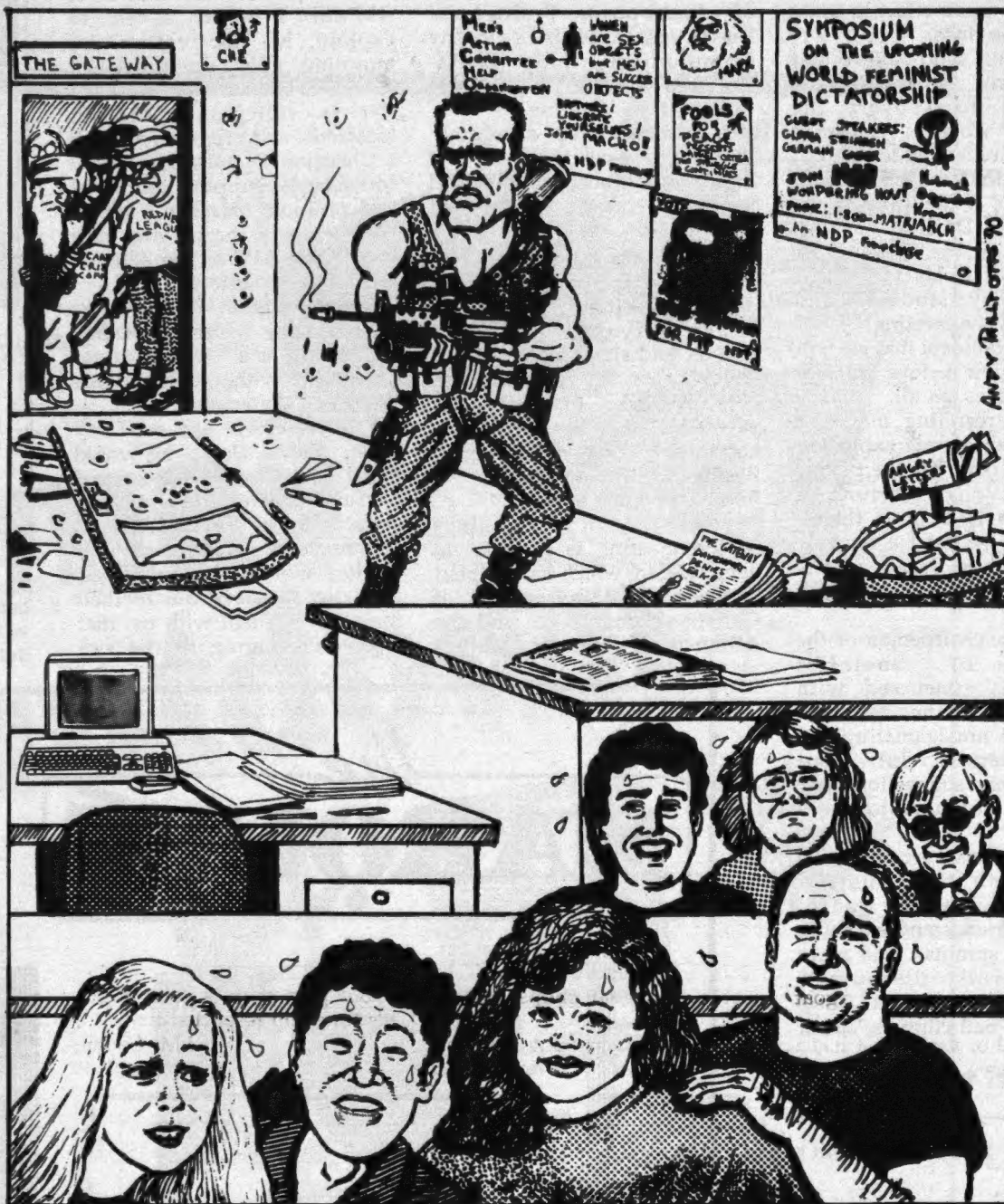
I look at the clouds, the fluffy, enormous balls that float weightlessly, looking down on the foolish antics of the mortals below. They are immortal. They have seen civilizations rise and fall. They were with Caesar in Egypt, they poured on Napoleon at Waterloo, they shuddered under the crash of artillery while Patton looked on, his steely gaze intent, and now they smile on me — the man of nature, the one, the lover.

I love, and I am loved. I am nature, nature is me. We are one, never to be parted, joined in our minds, inseparable.

I am contradiction, I am harmony. I am darkness, I am light, I am chiaroscuro. I see, yet in many ways I am blind to the enormous beauty of human potential which surrounds me.

I love, and I am all men, all women; sexual, but non-sexual, aware, but unconscious. I descend, assume a human form, love another human form, be it male, be it female — it matters not. They are the same in the eyes of God. God's eyes are my eyes, God's being is my being, yet I fall short of fusing with the one.

I am.



"MAYBE HE'S HERE TO COMPLAIN ABOUT THAT REVIEW WE DID ON 'TOTAL RECALL'"

## The stuff that makes our wretched lives worth living

### Feminists really really suck

I would like to address my comments to the "ladies" on *The Getaway* staff, who this year have felt some ungodly need to soil our campus with feminist rhetoric. To them I say fiddlesticks!

Not all of us are interested in all that dumb ass equality stuff—what we, the Ladies Against Feminists (L.A.F.), care about are husbands. Big ones. Small ones. Preferably rich ones.

So to redress some of the damage done by the childless and braless unshaven infidels, we offer the following Brides or Bust Catechism (BBC):

1. Do not pee standing up.

2. Do not sit with legs apart or with one leg horizontal across the other.

3. Don't watch football, drink beer, fart or belch (at least not louder than your man)

4. Do not wear pants unless riding horseback.

5. Look at the ceiling and make out your grocery list. Remember to use his name.

6. Always wear high heels in the company of men. On special occasions, dispense with pantyhose; silk stockings and a garter belt will get you a fur coat.

7. Learn to cook all his mother's recipes. Every apple pie is one step closer to

paradise.

8. Remember, any argument is always your fault, especially if it is remotely close to, well, you know, that "woman thing."

9. Do not use suggestive language except when asked to by your man, and only behind closed doors.

10. If the relationship doesn't work out, remember you have used up your one chance at happiness as a significant other. Join a convent and meditate on your failure. A hairshirt may be appropriate.

Tippi Galore  
Ladies Against Feminism  
(L.A.F.)

### Everyone but me sucks

As a U of A student in no visible minority or political affiliation, I must bitch and complain about these radical, militant groups on campus that I don't understand and therefore feel pissed off about. I'm tired of hearing from all these radical feminist, communist users of styrofoam who are destroying our forests and bashing males. These gay black mature stu-

dents protesting library hours and R.A.P. music have done nothing but try to make people more aware of the problems.

As an un-person who has never thought past the end of my nose, I feel the reactions of these individual groups is degrading and homophobic. The only way we can bury our heads in the sand and solve these problems on campus is to strive

for greater individuality and collective teamwork. And I don't think that my opinion or any other fascist, left-wing editorial will bring a perpetual conclusion to our concerns, despite what some may think. I don't know my armpit from my asshole. Phbpbplpplpplp!

Dave Czchwkt  
Something III

### Pauline doesn't suck

Why don't you all just stop picking on Pauline! She's not really the seething, putrid lump of volatile, devil-worshipping pure evil that you see everyday at *The Getaway*.

Underneath that despicable, callous exterior beats the heart of a gentle dove. The real Pauline was not afraid to cry when Garfield got sent to prison. She eats quiche and loves warm milk. She likes puppies and old

people. She knits.

In fact, one day the mangy cur you kick around the office hopes to end world famine by dedicating her life to feeding the poor, wretched starving masses. So there.

I hope you all feel like the bunch of losers you are.

Judith "Mom" Skelhorny  
President  
The Pauline Club

### LARCENIC





# We want to be on top



No date  
last night

All right, enough of this bullshit. We're sick and tired of trying to maintain the pretence. Let's not bandy words. Men suck.

Okay, sure. We've been making concessions all year long. Saying we don't want advances for women at the expense of men, that we want genuine political, economic and social equality. We've even gone so far as to suggest that the 'radical feminism' that men are always complaining about is nothing more than a noisy fringe group.

But let's face it. Men are inferior. They've got too much hair on their bodies and sometimes their eyebrows come together in the centre. Ick.

The problem with feminism today is that we keep making

these damn concessions to men's concerns. Who gives a damn what men think? Nobody important, anyway.

So here's our proposal—straight up.

1. Men shall be kept in cages

It only makes sense, right? That way they can't hurt each other or anybody else. Besides, they'd be happier there. Just give each one a TV, a beer, and a *More Bone-Crushing Hockey Hits* video cassette and he'll be as happy as a carp.

2. Discourage the reading of male-oriented literature.

Sure, Shakespeare may have been able to turn a phrase or two, but what a pig! Everything men have ever written is tainted with penises and patriarchy. Toss it away, and bring on a new canon filled with positive, nurturing women's viewpoints instead of the total affirmation of all that is evil that we see time and again in men's writing.

3. Destroy all but 10 per cent of the men, these being left for breeding stock.

Because really, who needs men? Cruel nature has dictated that we need to use men to reproduce, but why keep any more of them around than we need to? While we wait for women scientists to obviate the

necessity of men for human reproduction, we'll just keep 10 per cent of the hunky ones. We'll get along just fine by ourselves—we'll bond. "Take back the bond" shall be our rallying cry.

4. Change society's image of the "ideal" male.

Instead of being six feet tall and 185 lbs with dark hair, a jutting jaw, steel blue eyes and a gravelly voice, the ideal man of tomorrow will be three feet tall with a flat head. Why? Come on, you know why. It's so a female can rest her beer on his head while he services her, of course. Other than that, who needs 'em?

5. De-masculinize the language.

How are we to effect change when the language is filled with the words of our oppressors? The word "man" shall be replaced by "human". Well, we need to take "man" out of "human", so it'll be "huperson". Well, "son" is pretty gender-repressive too, so we'll have "huperchild". Ah, fuck it. We'll just have "woman" for everybody, with or without penises. Oh, but "woman" has "man" in it — damn. Maybe if we...

## WRETCHED STUFF continued

## Goat chops never suck

Have you ever considered the relative merits of the lowly goat chop. Although not as elegant a meat as veal or venison, it has a distinctive flavour all its own.

According to my grandfather, "Goat is the best damn meat there is," and he should know. He lived way out in the bushes with no electricity for years. He had to kill everything he ate, not like you milk-sop city folk who can just go the store and buy it.

The mature goat chop is a creation of God. With a little seasoning salt it becomes the flowering of cuisine. With a little cheese it becomes like unto the penultimate snack.

But don't restrict yourself to just eating goat chops. Sleep with them, take them with you into the shower, put them in your pocket as a friend for when

you're all alone. Your goat chop is your friend. It's time you respected it.

I.M. Looney  
Arts IV

## We should all suck

The hollow of a woman's back is not nearly so lovely as the inner slope of her cleavage. What bliss to run your hand down a woman's shirt, only to look up and discover you have no idea who she is.

Let's bring back the early seventies tradition of the orgy. It's time. AIDS be damned. Let's screw and drink and eat and die in a cataclysm of decadent perversion.

H. Hefner  
Broke IV

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G.R.E.G.O.R.I.A.N. C.H.A.N.T. G.R.E.G.O.R.I.A.N. C.H.A.N.T. has been around for a long, long, long, long time, but it has only recently become a weapon against the FFFFoppish Youth who dominate the urban music

## Shocking news about this man's hair!

and cultural scene. It first came from the house parties thrown by Pope Gregory the Mediocre in the mid 500's. Bands of rabid monks known as griots, goliards and all around party animals would join together in plainsong and play with themselves for hours. These party songs eventually became part of the popular culture as well as part of the Daily Hours of Divine Service. It was custom of the day to use the different tunes for different Saint's days and sporting events.

Gregorian Chant (oops! forgot the pretentious periods!) can also be traced in origin to the Schoola Canteena where the monks held weekly get-togethers. Here they researched the origins of G.R.E.G.O.R.I.A.N. C.H.A.N.T.. Their evidence suggests the first chant originated from the melismatic moanings of one of Pope Gregory's paramours -- the rhythm, metre, and beat of this natural beat box caused Gregory to stop in mid thrust and take note of this historical

find.

The performance of G.R.E.G.O.R.I.A.N. C.H.A.N.T. is unusual in itself. It is sung oh so smoothly and evenly in a manner that sounds like intoned speech or conversation. Counterpoint and harmony soon found their way into this epic new language of the dispossessed. At times the music was so daring and textured that singers could leave for a danish, coffee or small holiday without being missed. The Cantus Firmusbuttocks was sung in long notes by tenor so singers while the others improvised melodies around it.

Over the years G.R.E.G.O.R.I.A.N. C.H.A.N.T. evolved and changed rapidly and radically. The modal power movement was bolstered greatly by a Benedictine monk and brothel owner named Rizzo da Guido. He taught his followers to read music using syllables and his tool which he called Guido's Palm of Wonders. Many of Guido's most powerful political songs have survived the test of time. Among them are Ut FFFFoppisho Rapno Morro, Sancte, Sancte, El Putano, and Peccatorum Malcontent Vulnera.

Over the years other great Gregoriasts made names for themselves; Gil de Macho with his Mess Goin' Down at Notre Dame, a statement song that was a direct lash at the establishment. Gil Dufresne's Quae Pelvis Caeli Porta Manes (Elvis at the Doors of Heaven) was eight years on the Catholic Chant Charts. Soon the age of Jack DooPrez, John P. Palestrina, Rolly da Lassus, and G. Vanni Gabrielli were a dim memory destined to rise phoenix like from the backwoods of Alberta.

The message of G.R.E.G.O.R.I.A.N. C.H.A.N.T. is Greg's Revolutionary Eclectic Gamut of Rythmic Insite and Nebulously Chaotic Harmony and Nationalistic Tripe. Its purity of political expression and suppleness of social statement are an inspiration to today's Redneck Youth. Established members in the urban community support it too; majors, socialists and members of the power structure cling to the message of C.H.A.N.T. The question is often asked by the dying embers of a rural bonfire, "Where are the new Palestrina's, the new Gabrielli's, the new Pope Gregory's?" They are rallying in strength around The Cause. They are here to stamp out FFFFoppish Youth and their pretensions for power. They are the Plainchant existentialists, "Neumatic Poets", who reach into all our lives. Let the Supermen beware, for as they try to undermine G.R.E.G.O.R.I.A.N. C.H.A.N.T., it will become their kryptonite. Power to the Plainchantyouth!!!

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# ENTERTAINMENT

## Film provides penetrating criticism

**Hot to Trot Girls**  
starring Trixie Libido, April Cleavage,  
and Brandi Buxom  
directed by Vince Lechery

review by Lou Sunderwear

Vincent Lechery is a film maker of rare talent and courage. Since 1974 he has spellbound audiences and critics alike with his lyrical and often startling allegories on the human condition. In his debut film, *Bed Sheet Bingo*, Lechery provided us with glimpses into human frailty surpassed only by Bergman's *Shame*. Few who have seen the film can forget the brilliant expressionist story of Marilyn and the cruel domination by her father, metaphorically expressed by the man in the Batman costume. *Bingo* was soon followed by *The Bordello Brothers*, a nerve stretching tale of two young innocents in a strange land, finding themselves at odds with the world in the form of 12 nymphomaniac girls bent on their destruction.

Lechery now completes his "Foamy Filly" trilogy with *Hot To Trot Girls*, a narrative of rare power and social disturbance. In the film, the world has been reduced to a group of young college co-eds who are desperately trying to flee the cruel oppression of capitalist society. En route to the Promised Land (San Diego), their car breaks down and they are forced to spend the night at an

all-male fraternity house. After a pleasant dinner of oysters, our heroines find themselves *coming to blows* with their hosts in a captivating montage sequence, rivalling Eisenstein's *October*. After this climactic scene, the narrative structure of the film temporarily *falls to the floor* as the *naked aggression* of Lechery's Godardian allegory *takes the top* off our viewing experience. By placing his cameras in almost *unheard of positions*, Lechery brings us *on top of* the film's very structure, and *into the insights* *Hot To Trot Girls* contains. Eventually, the film's storyline *thrusts itself back into the fold* as the fraternity boys' parents arrive for the Thanksgiving weekend; another metaphor for the capitalist oppression the girls were trying to escape from. The girls are finally forced into exile at the film's haunting conclusion as the parents settle down for the evening, un-opposed by the callous fraternity boys. The intended allegory here seems to be that of France's sorrow during the Nazi occupation: innocent victims of outside aggression forced to abandon their orgy - sorry, origins - until liberation can free them.

Lechery has always chosen his talent carefully, and the performances in *Hot To Trot Girls* are tour de forces for Libido and Cleavage. Lechery must be applauded for giving females such dominant leading roles in an otherwise



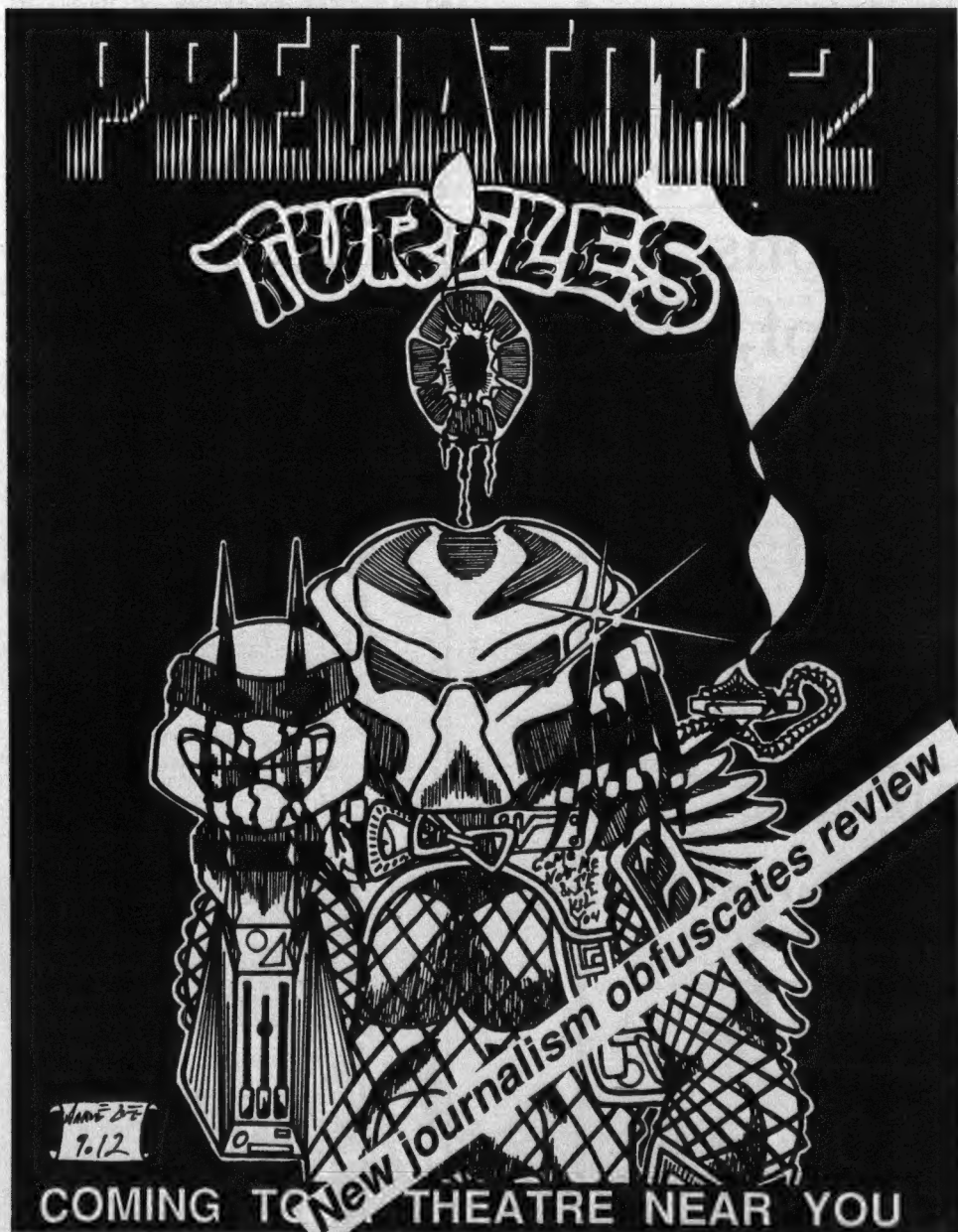
Resolution of climactic scene represents collapse of college capitalism in flaccid pool of spent resolve.

patriarchal industry. *Hot To Trot Girls* will do more than enlighten you -- know what I mean, eh?

Nudge, nudge, wink, wink, say no more. Lechery has provided us with one of the rare classics of the modern sin-ema, he said knowingly, nudge, nudge. Be sure

you sit close to the nearest exit and/or men's washroom, eh? Nudge, nudge, yank, yank, know what I mean? Say no more. Phoaarr -- it's so good, I mean its-whoaaa -- oh boy, oh boy, oh --ahem. Cough cough. Whew.

## Reptilian combatants reap praise?



**Predators 2, Turtles 0**  
directed by Sergei Eisenstein  
starring a whole bunch of guys in keen latex suits

by Chase Onklapp

"I may not know art, but I know what I like!"

So proclaims the latest representative of those happy hunters from beyond the stars in this latest edition of the Predator movies as he lip-smackingly dispatches those incredibly obnoxious denizens of the lower depths in a new dish called Kowabunga kabobs.

Da Vinci just might be smiling in his grave as Leonardo, Donatello, Michaelangelo and Raphael die messy deaths in this rip-snorting hair-gnashing megacrash powerfuck celluloid round globes of sensual perfection.

Seconds after I sat down I went into sensory overload as this mindscrew metal-tear massmassacre masterpiece

did the Blakefuck on my head and kicked down the doors of perception and rearranged my everything for the rest of my life. Colours. Sounds. Pictures. Everything I ever wanted in an eyegouge brainbleed actionpic, and less. Never since T.S.Eliot ripped my face off and shoved it into my breast pocket with "The Waste Land" have I had such a powerful out-of-clothes experience. This movie must be watched nude. No, it must be watched flayed, so skin doesn't get in the way of massivebig hugelarge bigger-than-death opus.

So. The story. A big Predator comes down and tears into the Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles. Green flies. Flashing light. An epic abovebeyond any that I've seen since I had my breasts removed. Death, and life, and plants vie for position number 58 and fail magnificently. Too much. Just too much. *Mis-en-scene* and *montage*.

## Closet exodus

by Biff Johansson

Moe Shoctor announced Wednesday evening at a press conference in the Citadel's main foyer that he has had enough of the sensitive egos, delicate sensibilities and artistic temperament that "have contaminated [his] involvement with the arts in this city since the late 1960s.

"What I really am," said Shoctor, "is a sports-guy. It's just that I wanted everyone to understand that I was capable of sensitivity in addition to red-blooded, Canadian machismo."

Part of Shoctor's decision to withdraw from the arts community involves a plan to convert the Citadel Theatre to the world's largest and best lit pool hall.

"Not many people know it, but I made most of my fortune hustling dumb schmucks in the pool halls during high school. This whole business of being a lawyer is just a ruse."

"Nobody realizes how difficult it is in

the current political climate to be an obnoxious jock."

Brian Paisley, who attended the conference as an interested observer experienced an epiphany of his own and proclaimed that he too had had enough of "self-obsessed, narcissistic actor polyps."

"My real ambition, since I was only five years old, has been to play power forward for the Utah Jazz. The whole reason the Fringe festival is so named is because jazz has become fringe music since the advent of rock and roll."

Jan Reimer also stepped forward to admit to being a secret caber tossing fanatic. "You know," she said, "when you dress up in a plaid skirt and throw a telephone pole as far as you can without spoiling your drawers."

It is expected that Mark Messier will shortly announce his retirement from the rink to star in the Edmonton Opera's next production of *The Marriage of Figaro*.



# Review types rend romance

**Transit Hotel**  
December 7  
review by Bud "Carlos" Williams

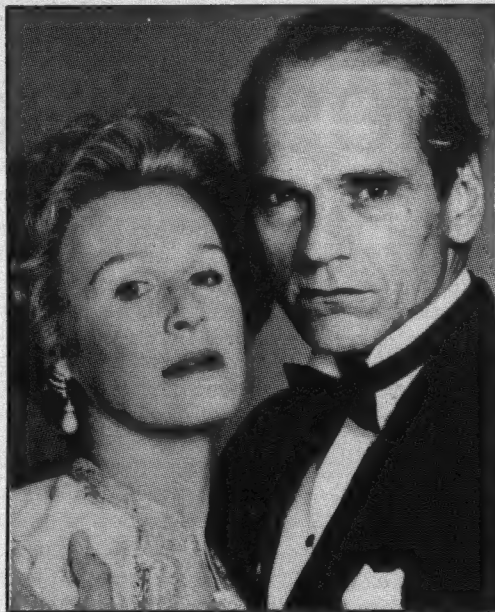
My girlfriend did a lot of squeaking when I told her we were going to the Transit Hotel to catch the Canadian rock legend Aldo Nova in the act: "The Transit Hotel? But that's—" "What?" "Well, it's, you know, kind of—" "Kind of what?" "Oh, Bud, let's go to Barry T's instead." Just the sort of shallow comment I'd expect from her. I told her the Transit Hotel had a lot of character, like one of those fake-oak-panelling-yuppie-blues bars she likes, and then I told her to get in the car or I'd blowtorch her mousse, because I was pretty broke and what the Transit Hotel has is *no cover charge* and *really cheap booze*. Oh yeah, and Aldo Nova, Canadian rock legend.

So I was having a pretty good time with the Upside Down Flaming Lizard Margaritas (special two-for-a-dollar!) even before the band came out. For

some reason my girlfriend was steering away from the hard stuff herself — she said something about urinal recycling — but I made up for her reluctance by ordering a pair of Tequila Blowjob for myself. Whoo boy! It was almost an anticlimax when Aldo Nova, Canadian rock god, came on stage.

Despite having picked up an extra fifty or sixty pounds in the last few years, he still cranked out a smokin' version of his hit "Fantasy" to begin the show. However, it was at this point that I noticed my girlfriend out on the dance floor doing the lambada with a half dozen members of the Satan's Choice motorcycle gang who'd pulled up to the Transit in a rumbling herd a half hour ago. I didn't want to give the impression I was jealous or possessive — I'm not! — so I just sauntered over and discreetly yelled for her to get her fat butt back over to the table before I had to go over there and paddle it.

We'd been having a few problems



Bud and Barbie started the night well, if a little overdressed.

already, and, as I may have intimated, she was not exactly a very high quality girlfriend. Still, I was dismayed when she gave me the finger and threw a beer bottle at my head. I wouldn't have minded so much, I guess, if she had missed, or if the beer bottle hadn't been full. As it was, waking up in a pool of booze and glass fragments with a fist-sized bruise on my forehead was enough to make me reconsider our relationship.

Aldo Nova played some more of his hits, such as, well, the titles escape me but he played some more of his many hits, and when the set ended, the whole band sort of surged towards the bar. I headed over there to ask Aldo why he hadn't considered going on a diet, since I needed refills anyways, but just as I was about to open my mouth I saw my girlfriend, former girlfriend, I should say, right there snuggling up against that talentless and bloated excuse for a former rock star. I decided that it was impossible for me to keep tolerating such behavior from her.

It would be best if I were to break our relationship off decisively and delicately.

I needed something to calm my nerves first, so I ordered a pitcher of rye and coke. Thus fortified, I approached my (former) girlfriend, who was happily engaged in some kind of weird vertical gang-fondle with the band-members, and I then proceeded to break our relationship off decisively, and, considering my state of mind and her general belligerence, with a reasonable amount of delicacy too, I thought.

After that I started to drink a little heavily. I recall my (ex-) girlfriend throwing another beer bottle at me when I tried to start a chant of "Bar Slut". I don't remember if it missed or not. I woke up in the Clareview LRT Station with my sneakers gone, staring at the butt of a small dog perched on my chest slurping the vomit off my T-shirt, so I suppose it could've been worse.

Aldo Nova, then, in my opinion, was essentially a bloated has-been gasbag. And as to my former girlfriend: Barbie, if you're out there, you might be interested to know that your phone number is printed on the walls of the Transit Hotel's bathroom in large block letters, with several glowing and graphic recommendations. It's been a slice, babe.

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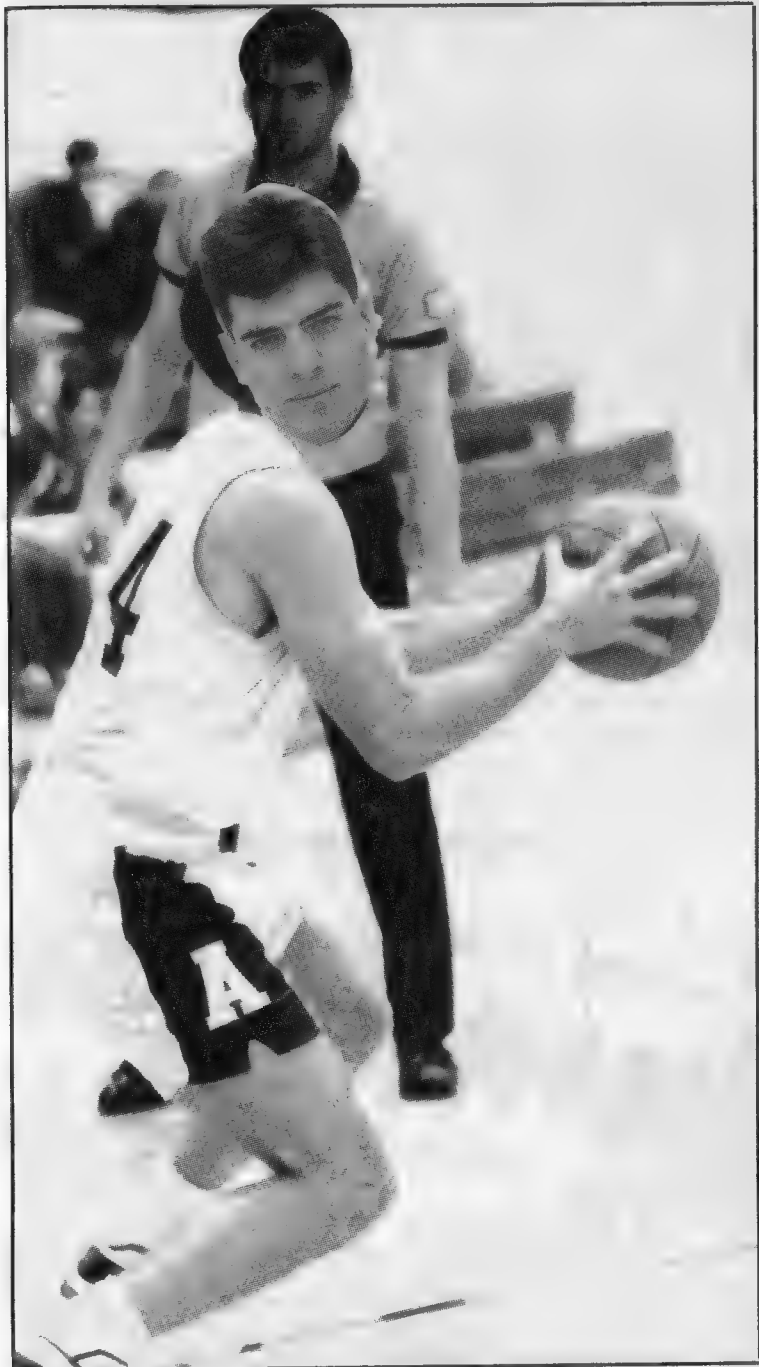
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# SPORTS

## Big, bad, Bobby, the triple threat!



In basketball, Stauffer is a bricklayer.

by Buck Youngstud

The truth has finally come out concerning the resignation of Gateway Sports Editor Bob Stauffer. After months...make that weeks...okay days of speculation, Stauffer confirmed rumours to the effect that he will attempt to become the University of Alberta's first three sport athlete; playing for the hockey Bears, the football Bears, and the basketball Bears. In order to pull off this magnificent feat, Stauffer has opted to resign his position as Gateway Sports Editor, and concentrate fully on getting back into "playing shape." "I'm a little out of shape right now, and the doctor told me to take it easy as I'm just getting off of a sprained fat injury."

Bears football coach Jim Donlevy said he expects Stauffer to play quarterback next season, "Stauffer has great leadership capabilities, and he throws a nice, tight spiral."

Though never playing football in his illustrious glory days at Harry Ainlay, Stauffer nonetheless was confident of his abilities, "I've got a rocket launcher for an arm, I've often compared myself to former Grambling star, and Calgary Stampeder bust, Matthew Reed. (Reed could throw the ball ninety-five yards.)"

No one will question Stauffer's enjoyment of physical contact, "I'm just like Bo (Jackson), I like to be hit, and I like to hit, I see myself sort of as a modern day Bronko Nagurski. I only wish I could run as fast as Bo."

Bears head hockey man Billy Moores is also looking forward to Stauffer's arrival, "Bob has shown time and time again that he's a team player."

Last season Stauffer beat ex-Bear mesh-minder John Krill in a showdown scoring four goals on ten shots. (To win he had to score three goals.) Moores

commented on the showdown, "Bob showed a lot of resiliency, he was obviously out of shape, but he refused to quit, of course I was a little worried when he collapsed on the ice, but after we resuscitated him, he said, "Sorry I let you down coach." That's when we knew we had to have him!"

It's been eight years since the fleet-footed forward laced up the boots for Ace Lange Midget 'AA', however, Stauffer asserts he hasn't lost it. "There are times when I've been broadcasting the Bears on FM88, and I've said to myself, "shucks I wish I could get out there and help the guys." Lord willing I'll get that opportunity. All I want a chance to do is help the team, just take it one day at a time, heck, I'll be happy just to be there."

Perhaps the most difficult task Stauffer will have to fulfil his dream is making the talent-laden Golden Bear basketball team. Stauffer spoke on the difficulty of making the Bears hoopsters, "It's going to be tough, but I came from a Mormon family, and let me ask you, have you ever met a Mormon who couldn't play roundball?"

Stauffer does have awesome jumping ability, his close friends, all two of them, swear that he has a 154 inch...vertical.

Bears star forward Rick Stanley feels Stauffer has a chance of making it, "I hear coach wants to use him upfront as a post, he's certainly a widebody, (Stauffer is 5'11, 200), but I wonder if he can be a true power forward at that height. I also hear that he has a reputation of being a bricklayer on the court." (Gentlemen put on your hard hats as Stauffer throws up a brick.)

For the last two seasons Stauffer has told everybody, and anybody who cared (read: no one) that he could play quater-

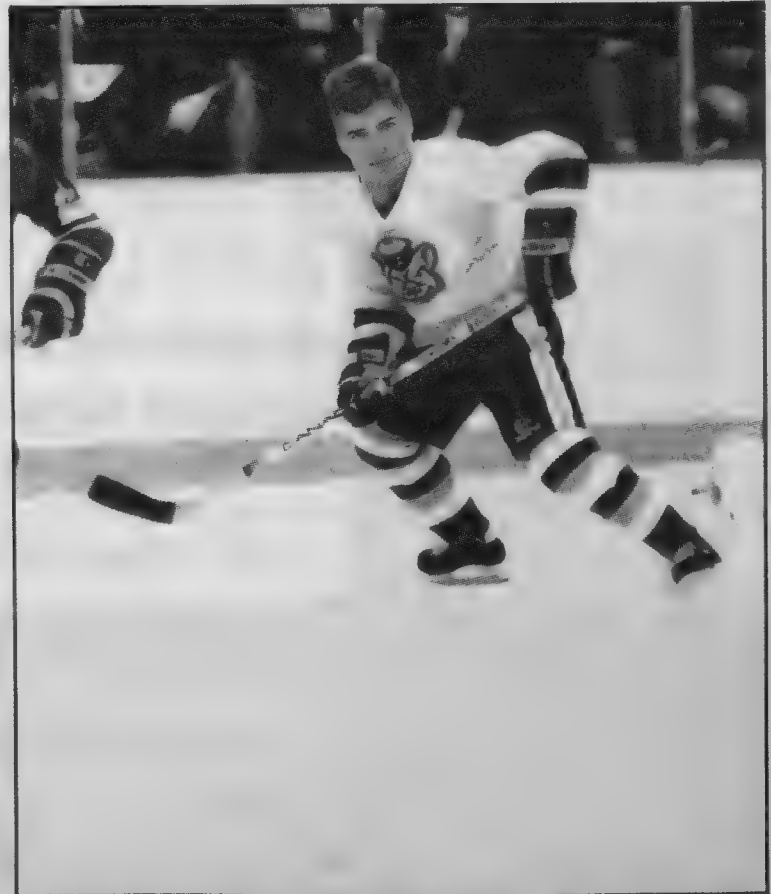
back for the Bears, or on a line with Adam Morrison. His quest begins Jan. 1st, 1991, and we'll keep you posted.



A Bear for each team



In football, Stauffer runs like a modern day Bronko Nagurski.



Stauffer would look great against NAIT...as long as only his helmet hits the ice.



# U Go A Go Go

by Gramps Venerable

Today is indeed a grand day for lovers of the ancient sport of Go. Yes it's official and was, as announced by the captain of our own U of A Go squad: "A great relief to finally have won the bid to hold the world Go championships here." But now that months of wearisome speculation have ended in our favour, the real work begins: as most followers of this methodical and deceptively violent game understand, hosting a competition of this calibre will be no simple feat.

Said acting vice-president of our own capable team, Mel Blanche: "The first thing we have to concern ourselves with is security... After all," he added with a knowing shift of his bushy red eyebrows, "Mark, 'the goer' Pulner will be here." With that the members of the press and gathered fans erupted.

As all Go enthusiasts realize

when "the goer" shows anything goes. One only has to remember last year's world final which pitted Pulner, the wiry Scott, against Yury Deswiutres, the number one ranked contender from the South of France.

In that match, as I'm sure you all recall, Pulner was accused of cheating by Yury. After throwing his kilt to the ground, "the goer" pulled out his chair and proceeded to smash the table, game board, and finally Yury, his water boy, his coaching staff and his mother. However in a surprise judgement from the refs, "the goer" was given the match because, as head ref Bill Wittles of Devonshire put it: "He was bloody pissed at the whole bloody ridiculous affair — and I sided with him so he bloody won."

After security, one might think funding would be a major concern, but Will Ascot, treasurer for our own Bears Go team

stated: "We have major corporate sponsorship fighting for the TV and radio rights — money is our last thing on our minds."

Spokesperson for the opening ceremonies, Blake Perswald, teased the press with hints at what the gala event might provide for entertainment. Said Perswald: "We know for sure that at least four Osmonds and as many Jacksons will be on the stage at one time. Also the Partridge Family — original cast — has indicated interest. This is of course the world's greatest goers congregate for what promises to be a truly special and highly entertaining event. The gateway will be there, but remember to get your tickets early, because as we speak true Go lovers have begun to camp out at ticket outlets awaiting the January 15 sales opening. A sell out is inevitable so Go! Go! Go!

# That's bleep bleep!

by Gateway Sports Services

A certain sports legend on campus is "really fucking, pissed right off" that Gateway media monolith Bob Stauffer has resigned.

"I don't know what the "bleep" happened there, but I'm really "bleeping" mad said a disillusioned B.S. Sewermouth.

Stauffer announced his resignation a week ago with no formal reason being cited.

Sewermouth figures Stauffer did a chute, "That no good "bleeping" pretty boy, he had the "bleeping" nerve to say he was committed to the school. Talk about "bleep" he's probably on his way to some "bleeping" town in Saskatchewan in a vain attempt to further his career."

While allegations ran rampant

on campus about the reasons for Stauffer's resignation, Sewermouth made several implications, "That 2001b "bleeping" wimp, I heard he was "bleeping" one of the Pandas, and then I heard he was "bleeping" one of the Bears, talk about a two-timer, that "bleeping" little "bleep".

Sewermouth figures the oh-so-popular Big Bobby Clobber is history as well, "It's the only thing I ever read in the paper, and now it's gone; you know that "bleeping" Stauffer took a lot of cheap shots at people in BBC, what a greasy, slimy, wormy little "bleep" Stauffer is.

Stauffer could not be reached for comments, rumour has it he's on his way to Butt"bleep", Saskatchewan.

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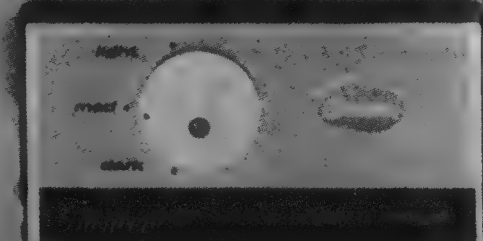
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# Big Bobby Clobber's farewell

With Bob Stauffer's resignation, so too then must Big Bobby Clobber come to an end. The inspiration for the name Big Bobby Clobber came from Royal Canadian Air Farce, and this has been a moniker which has stuck with Stauffer for several years now. Since we are playing the name game here are the ten greatest, and not so great names in sports history.

#10. Juan Eichelberger, former hotheaded Padres pitcher, (ed's note: and you thought

Welcome Back Kotter's Juan Epstein was the only Puerto Rican-Jew alive.)

#9. Boris Fistric, you just gotta know he was a hockey tough guy. Boris, an Edmonton native, was an enforcer for the New Westminster Bruins during the days of Bubba Beck and Stan Smyl.

#8. Micheal Stonebreaker, Notre Dame Fighting Irish defensive star. Rumour has it he's a firm believer in smash-mouth football.

#7. Calvin Hobbs, University

of Saskatchewan offensive lineman, but last year a linebacker, known of course for making great reads.

#6. Raghib Ismail's mom, the Rocket is a star at Notre Dame, (ed's note: no I don't have a hard-on for the Irish) the Rocket's brother can fly too, hence his nickname "turbo-booster". But you know what they say, behind every good man, there is of course a good woman, a mother nicknamed "the launching pad."

#5. Oogie Oglethorp — can

you say in a Martin Gelinis/Jean Chretien-broken English, "Oh fuck, not that fucking Oglethorp."

#4. Jamie Bone, last year Bears' star receiver Darryl Szafranski, who should have been drafted, won the Jamie Bone reward for the TSN catch-of-the-year. What a great pickup line, "Hey babe, I won the Boner award!"

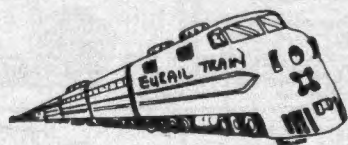
#3. Wilma Fingerdoo, famous golfer...okay not really that famous, but I often wondered did she invent the two-

finger-grip technique?

#2. Phil Latio, former baseballer, and you just gotta know he wore #69, except when his team travelled to Georgia, but then again remember that in Georgia men describe foreplay as "Get in the truck bitch."

#1. Dick Hertz, last season when the Bears hockey team was in Minnesota an unidentified coach asked Big Bobby Clobber if he met Dick Hertz. The Clobber fell for it, "no coach, but I met Chico Resch...oh fuck."

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# Cocoa enrolls

by Howard Roam and Skip Brost

Before his fall from grace he was a Stanley Cup Champion goaltender. Now Grunt Fewr is here!! He has enrolled in next term, here, at the U of A. Look forward to seeing him in a Golden Bear uniform and in the Home Economics building. As one of his favourite benefits of attending the U of A, he will enroll in as many Women's Studies courses that he can.

As for hockey, he hopes to make the Bears' squad in mid-season. He rates his chances as fair. "The Bears are such a great team and I hope that they give me a chance. I can only dream of playing at their level. My reflexes aren't quite as good as they were because..."

William Morn, coach of the Golden Bears, is reluctant to give Fewr a chance to try for a spot on the team. "I've had it with all of these guys coming here from 'better' leagues and telling me all these stories about Stanley Cup rings and stuff! I don't buy it!"

When asked about his interest in Home Economics, Fewr replied "The world is full of challenges and one can only hope to be master of such things as textiles and domestic cooking." He said that if he can't make it in the extremely competitive environment of Home Economics,

then his next choice would be engineering physics.

As for his interest in Women's Studies, Fewr emphasizes that women have not been given an equal opportunity in certain professional sports. He cites, "I'm sure that there are a lot of feminists out there who could play some pretty mean defence. And why are there no women on the offensive line in the CFL?" He adds that there is an interesting lack of Men's Studies courses.

His current goals in life: to live, to laugh, to pick up chicks in RATT. He eventually has his eyes set on becoming a fry technician at Arby's but realizes that he is in stiff competition with B. Arts graduates. Until next term, he can usually be found hangin' out in West Edmonton Mall. Says Fewr, "These kids are really cool! I can't believe that people think that they have no life. Sometimes I even see former teammate Flenn Anderchuk down here talking to some of the boys."

Next in our series of athletes-turned-students, Rico Lindros: super-star or super-student?



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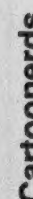
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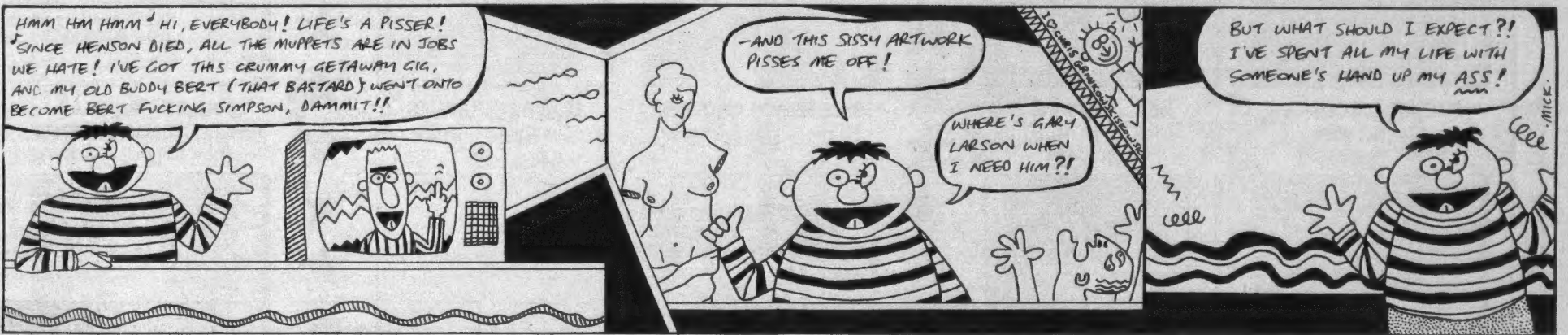
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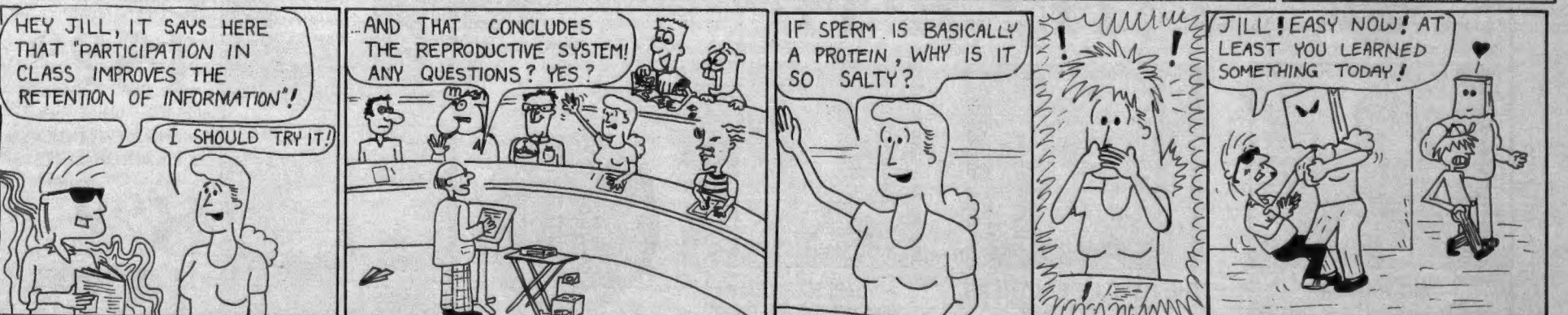
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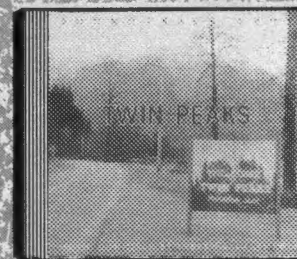
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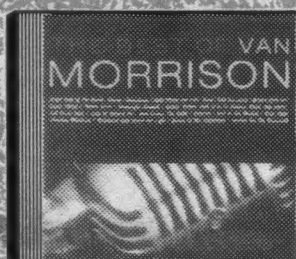
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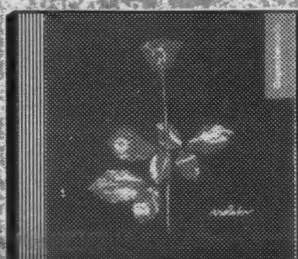
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